

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. IX. {J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Flood Building, Market Street.} SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889. {TERMS (In Advance): $2.50 per annum; $1.25 for six months.} NO. 1.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Strong reasons make strong actions.—*Shakespeare.*

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do.

Wit should be used as a shield for defence, rather than as a sword to wound others.

It cannot be denied that amusement is one of the most powerful influences of life.

More failures are to be attributed to efforts misdirected than to the want of exertion.

Man's unhappiness comes, in part, from his greatness. There is an infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.—*Carlyle.*

The essence of religion lies in communion between the finite and the Infinite mind, between the individual soul and the Universal.—*Martineau.*

The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation; he, therefore, is most wise who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or future.

No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead.—*John Stuart Mill.*

He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of one thousand prayers.—*Zendavesta.*

There are more people abusive to others than lie open to abuse themselves, but humor goes round, and he that laughs at me to-day will have somebody to laugh at him to-morrow.—*Seneca.*

If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—*Emerson.*

As worldly care forms the greater part of the staple of every human life, there must be some mode of viewing and meeting it which converts it from an enemy of spirituality into a means of grace and spiritual advancement.—*H. B. Stowe.*

There is no royal road to anything. The king going to his coronal must go by the same road as his subjects travel. Therefore is it said of Jesus, "Though he was a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered."—*Rev. T. R. Slicer.*

Truth ought to be the object of every man, for without truth there can be no real happiness to a thoughtful mind, nor any assurance of happiness hereafter. It is the duty of every man to obtain all the knowlecge he can, and then make the best use of it.—*Thomas Paine.*

[Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.]

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER XVII.

KNOWLEDGE APPLIED, OR POWER IN ACTION.

"Even so would I act,
That, when this life is o'er,
I may face up its fact
Upon th' eternal shore,
Without a conscious blush
For duty left undone—
Without a tearful sigh
For battles left unwon.
Even so would I rise
Beyond this fading sphere
Into the unknown light
Of heaven's pure atmosphere."
—*Rev. Obadiah Joel Cogswheel.*

A fortnight of unexampled profit and pleasure had drawn to an end for our friends so delightfully domiciled at "The Palms" since the events recorded in our last chapter took place; during that time no one was perhaps so greatly benefited as our new acquaintance, Mrs. Kittenscomb, who, during that rapidly passing time, had completely recovered all her old buoyancy of spirits and frame, and more than her former love of life and keen appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or in art.

Miss Newmanhoff had departed in tearful dudgeon, and yet with secret joy, to spend six weeks or longer with relatives in Germany. That pious, but bigoted, lady had been once to "The Palms," that was on the occasion of her kind employer's removal thither. Struck though she was, and that forcibly, by the sumptuous magnificence of all she observed there, and particularly fascinated by the perfect and charming courtesy of Heloise, she still remained firm in her impression (poor, benighted creature that she was, in spite of her piety) that to attempt to heal the sick, except in accordance with the stereotyped methods of the fossilized medical colleges, was to fly in the face of Providence, and call down a curse on all who dabbled in the "black art," as this Christian-heathen blindly and blasphemously styled the method advocated in the New Testament on the highest conceivable authority.

"Beware of the wiles of the devil, Satan is appearing to you in masquerade; you think him an angel of light, while he is the prince of darkness. Oh, my dear, dear lady, beware how you imperil the interests of your immortal soul, as you vainly seek to revivify this poor fleshly body in a manner forbidden by the Almighty!"

"My good friend," responded Mrs. Kittenscomb, "you have most strangely misconceived the situation. What you term 'forbidden of God,' I maintain is expressly commanded in the gospel. I must say the electric agency employed is new to me, but there is the only point of difference I can see between the apostolic mode of healing and the system practiced by Professor de Montmarte; but you, who believe in medicine and consult physicians, cannot be unaware that the highest medical talent of to-day favors the electric usage. I am not sufficiently well informed on the nature and application of electricity to venture anything of an opinion on its curative efficacy; but, when it comes to the purely spiritual power of the Professor's treatment, a glance at your Bible ought to convince you that the regular physicians, not the metaphysicians, are advocating and practicing what no prophet nor apostle, nor Christ himself, ever sanctioned. If your view of the case is the scriptural one, who is there among the sacred writers who endorses it? From a child I have been a Bible student, and have held many conversations with eminent divines and celebrated physicians, who were attached to, the Christian faith on these very matters, and I must say I never received any satisfactory reply from any. My dear husband, in the last sermon he ever preached, uttered words which have rung in my memory thousands of times during my illness, when medicine seemed to make me worse rather than better, and no one but Alicia could soothe my aching brow.

"In my opionion and that of many of the most distinguished bishops, clergy and laymen of our beloved national church, there is in the present revival of religion in England a cloud, as yet, perhaps, no bigger than a man's hand, arising in the East, betokening a downpour of healing rain, which will revive the gifts of healing exercised in the primitive church. Is it not sadly probable that our present lamentable destitution of spiritual evidences is due to our rigid formalism, coupled with the still greater danger of a devoted mammon worship? I pray God this prediction may be speedily fullfiled!"

Miss Newmanhoff, who well knew by past experience that argument never convinced Mrs. Kittenscomb when her lamented husband's views were in dispute, wisely refrained from continuing the attack. She, however, firmly persisted in her old way of thinking, and remained obstinately deaf to every persuasion and entreaty to investigate this subject for herself.

Persons of her type are better left alone; they are not prepared to digest any different spiritual or mental food from that which they so eagerly relish, and, while they may entertain erroneous opinions on many points, despite their narrowness and illiberality of sentiment, they are often thoroughly conscientious people, in whom genuine goodness of disposition more than atones for lack of sympathy with more advanced ideas.

During Mrs. Kittenscomb's residence at "The Palms" she had seen and heard many things almost too wonderful to relate, and, as her experiences were many of them private and personal, specially connected with her own family affairs, a narration of such would hardly interest the general reader, especially as we have already introduced on several occasions an account of phenomena fully as wonderful.

On the 2d of September they were all sitting together in the library, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when Zenophon showed extraordinary signs of restlessness; he paced the floor like a fierce animal in captivity, and kept exclaiming,

"Oh, my dear master, nothing shall ever separate us again now we are once more united!"

Professor de Montmarte and Heloise were actively engaged in writing at their respective desks in different parts of the spacious apartment, and, being completely absorbed in their work, hardly noticed the boy's singular conduct, which greatly impressed all other members of the company.

Mr. Toole and Lydia, who had by this time began talking of their approaching wedding, and who had grown together into an understanding of the various signs which denote mesmeric influence, paused in their conversation about the new life they were to live together to beg of the boy to refuse to permit himself to be controlled by the will of Count Katalowynski, who had that very day arrived in Paris from Southampton, at which point the "Teufelheute" had recently deposited him. Speaking to the lad was evidently quite useless; he continued to mutter to himself words of submission and endearment, coupled with occasional outbursts of sorrow for having ever permitted himself to be torn from the embrace of his only true friend, and the only person on earth to whom he could ever become sincerely and permanently attached, and whose companionship he declared would constitute his heaven in the life beyond. At length, he assumed a defiant attitude, and, with hands outstretched in evident malediction toward his kind host and hostess, he fell on the floor in a deep swoon, trembling violently, and at length becoming cold as ice and rigid as marble; shortly his features relaxed, and a triumphant, though sinister, smile lighted up his marble features; then, reaching out his hands to some form unseen by all save himself, he breathed softly, "Now we are each others' for eternity."

In this passive condition he remained till dinner was announced, when he suddenly sprang to his feet, rushed into the garden, and took refuge in the summer-house—a favorite haunt of his, whither he often resorted to read, write and paint at his leisure.

All save the Montmartes, being painfully struck with the unwelcome change in the boy's manner, were eager to inquire into its cause; but, as it was a law at "The Palms" never to ask questions on personal matters in the presence of servants, even though they were not supposed to comprehend English, they impatiently deferred their conversation till the meal was over.

A storm had been gathering all day, and they had scarcely left the table when peals of thunder rent the air, lightning flashed vividly, and rain soon began to descend in torrents. Fearing Zenophon might be frightened at the storm, Heloise, who feared nothing and never caught cold, attired herself in an appropriate outer garment, and encasing her feet in goloshes, ran out to the summer-house to bring back the boy or keep him company. What was her surprise to find Zenophon prostrate on the floor, covered with the Count's magnificent traveling coat of Russian sable, the Count himself singing a strange, weird melody, which Heloise at once detected as an Indian song of the far-famed serpent-charmers.

As she approached, the Count abruptly ceased singing, and bowing with mock deference said tauntingly: "So, my fair enchantress, I have called you to me as well as my Greek slave. Where is your protector now? I want nothing of you, and you know it; but if you attempt to interfere in the slightest degree with my removing Zenophon forever from your father's house and guardianship, I will strike you dead where you stand, and not a physician on earth but will declare you were struck by lightning."

As he spoke, he drew from his apparel a small magician's wand, in reality an electric contrivance of considerable medical or surgical utility, but a deadly weapon when used with deliberate, foul intent by a desperado. Rising in the majesty of her royal dignity, the imperial girl, whom nothing could daunt, defied the haughty and vindictive Russian in tones of such stern and positive defiance that for a moment he winced under the lash of her burning words; then stooping over the sleeping form of Zenophon, she addressed him in tones full of kindness, but penetrative with the voice of indubitable anthority.

"Awake, thou art forever freed from the tempter's snare." The boy moved restlessly, as though in an uneasy dream, then turned away and struck out in the direction of the Count, who immediately breathed in his nostrils and said:

"Zenophon, you are mine forever; now come with me, and heaven on earth shall be your portion."

The boy rose instantly to obey, when a more vivid flash of forked lightning than any which had yet appeared, illumined the summer-house as though with a blaze of lurid fire; instantly a crash of thunder followed, making the frail building shake as though rocked by an earthquake; the lightning had struck the summer-house and passed directly by the side of the now thoroughly frightened boy; his hair was singed, one of his fingers smarted sharply, and his whole frame quivered with fright and pain; he was not, however, seriously injured; in his terror, he clutched the garments of Heloise, and shook himself free of the Count's touch as though that handsome, but unprincipled nobleman had been the cause of his alarm and suffering. Seeing his prey thus escaping from his grasp, the mesmeric trance entirely over and the powers guiding and working through his opponent on the verge of victory, rendered desperate with anger not unmixed with fear, he dared to use brute force to recapture his victim; in seeking to drag the boy from her, he struck her a smart blow on the face, an indignity she had never in her life suffered from anyone.

A scene followed which words are utterly powerless to describe; the noble daughter of old Chaldea rose in the majesty of her more than common human strength, and with one touch of the finger on the Count's forehead, caused him to fall prostrate on the floor.

"Who is struck by lightning, now?" she queried of the motionless form at her feet; "stir now, at your deadly peril; Azoriel whom you despise, is mighty in righteous indignation when sinners trample justice and human liberties in the dust; I warn you, should you attempt to touch that boy, or lay a finger on me, your beauty will be withered and your power taken from you, never to be recovered on this side the grave. Zenophon is now a member of an order into whose sacred precincts such minds as yours can never enter, even to know of its existence, till purified by bitter suffering, from the vail of error and selfishness which now beclouds them; live for good, use your gifts for the elevation of humanity, and this shock will but add to your endowments by relieving you of much that has kept you back from the ardent dream of your life, but attempt again to employ vile sorcery to others' detriment, and as surely as justice reigns on high, shall your power be taken from you, and as but a wreck of your former self shall you leave this place to-night."

Professor de Montmarte and Mr. Toole arrived at the spot just at the moment when Heloise was declaiming justice on the offender; her superb scorn, manifest in every feature of her expressive face and every accent of her ringing voice, made her appear as some priestess of an olden temple, calling down vengeance on an unrepentant criminal who sought the destruction of one whom she had sworn to defend from all peril. The Professor, usually so calm, at sight of Count Katalowynski on his premises, evidently bent on mischief, was about to rush upon the intruder and deal with him as he deserved, when in an instant his daughter turned to him with flashing eyes, firmly uttering the words:

"Father, he is Azoriel's prisoner; leave him to a higher power than thine." Then speaking to the Count, she said:

"Go! now and forever, and remember the warning, 'Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee.'" Docile as a child, utterly subdued though unrepentant, the humiliated Russian who had bribed servants to affect a clandestine entrance to the Professor's grounds, moved out through the garden through the drenching rain speechless, amazed, confounded, while Zenophon, already recovered from the shock, said in clear, decided tones:

"Count Katalowynski, farewell forever; you and I can never cross each other's path again." Without a word or single backward glance, the once master of the now completely liberated boy, strode rapidly through the enclosure and out into the storm to recover as best he could from a blow which had humbled his pride to the very dust, and deprived him of the only ally he had ever found capable of so responding to his will as to furnish him the assistance indispensable to the carrying out of his most treasured schemes for self promotion.

The storm subsided, quickly as it had arisen, the thunder sounded faint and distant, the rain passed off in a quiet shower, and soon ceased altogether; the stars shone forth one by one, like eyes of angels watching the inhabitants of earth, and a lovely night set in, made vocal with the songs of nightingales, and perfumed with the breath of countless flowers which always breathe their sweetest fragrance after a grand upheaval of the elements, as though they were returning thanks to heaven for deliverance from the tempest, and praising the Power Divine which, through the agency of nature's most dread convulsions, purifies the earth and opens the way for fairer days, and provides healthier conditions for all things living.

The two gentlemen, Heloise and Zenophon, returned to the house and soon related something, though not all of their strange adventure, to the ladies who were more fascinated than awed by Professor de Montmarte's guarded but accurate recital. As soon as the recital was ended, Lydia went to the piano, and under a decided and beautiful inspiration, sang that lovely melody, "Zion," by Dudley Buck, the refrain of which is—

"After the storm they rest in peace,
Where there shall be no night;
After the toil they find release,
After the darkness light."

The song was hardly finished when the postman brought letters for Mr. Toole and Mrs. Finchley, bearing the American postmark; before they were opened, Heloise, who seemed in no way injured or upset by her recent encounter with the Count, said the moment they were delivered, "Dear friends, we shall miss you all very much indeed, but the time has now arrived when you must recommence your work in your old homes, but for two of you how different, how much larger the scope of the work and how much happiness in each other's company. As you are Americans, and non-Catholics, we have spoken to the American minister and you can be married next Monday morning in the American Chapel, then you must take the steamer home the following day. 'La Nouronne,' one of the best in the service *trans-Atlantique*, leaves on that day. Dr. Maxwell, who has been closeted with my father, when not shut up in his own room perusing rare manuscripts, during the past three

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A Message from John Wetherbee.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is the 5th of July. How beautiful the day after the cloud and rain of the 4th! I am seated on Heywood's piazza in Princeton. He is somewhat famous as the editor of the *Word*. Everything before me and around me is lovely, quiet and serene. I have been here three days, and expect to be here as many weeks. I am used to the noise, bustle and action of a city life, and the change for a time to rest and quietness is quite a pleasant, as well as a refreshing, one. I have just returned from a tramp to the summit of Wachusett, the highest point in the State between the Connecticut and the streams that flow into the Atlantic. Princeton is quite a hilly locality. The horizon, wherever you can see it, seems low down, so the standpoint of the town is quite elevated. No wonder it is a summer resort, for it is breezy and cool. But, high as this place is, we were far more skyward when we got on the top of Wachusett. I do not know why it is, but I always find myself spiritually inclined when in high altitudes, and disposed to hold converse with the angels. I wonder how it would be if I were up in a balloon. The bright floating clouds now sailing on the blue sky above me always seem to remind me of snatches of the land of Beulah, and as though they must be trod by the feet of spirits. But that is all in your eye, for the Tower of Babel, or Eifel's modern one, or even Pike's Peak, is no nearer heaven than the ground level is. As I have said, I have just returned from my Wachusett tramp, and I am introduced to a mild-faced gentleman, a resident of Princeton, as a distinguished Spiritualist. I am very far from being distinguished, but always own up to Spiritualism. The man to whom I have referred had similar views, and that was the reason of his introduction. I had the advantage of him in actual experience, and so mutually our wits were sharpened by our brief intercourse. He had not seen anything of spirit materialization, and he was glad to have my favorable opinion of the phase, as so many people who are Spiritualists do not believe in it. There is no mistake of its being a fact that invisible intelligences can materialize, conditions being right, spirit forms out of the circumambient air in a seance room, that appear sensuously ponderous and human; that occasionally the chicanery of trade mixes in, and these so-called materializations may be delusions, but that does not alter the fact that there are the real, as well as the false. I am satisfied that the frauds in connection are not so numerous as imagined, though the fact of there being any smirches the phase which is too wonderful to be taken *cum grano salis*, and without the best of evidence. I am satisfied also that much or some of the fraud is on the spirit side of life, so I am not apt to be hasty in blaming the medium; but, of course, I don't like cheats by spirits any more than by mortals. But what I want to say in this connection is, that I am as sure of the fact of spirit materialization as I am or can be of anything. In a word, I endorse the fact absolutely. I am not, beyond that, much interested in the phase. It has wonderfully improved since its first advent, and may grow to be more interesting than it is to me at present. There are many disabilities in it, but now, being satisfied of the fact, I had rather have the intelligence that comes through a good trance or test medium than what comes from one of these strange and temporary human-looking forms. There are disabilities in all the manifestations, but I prefer them, generally, to materializations, after being, as I am, once satisfied of the astounding fact itself.

Next came along a stern-looking man of about 60. I am introduced to him as a Spiritualist, and he, the materialist of the town; we both owned up to our state, I saying I was a Parkerite, and would today be a materialist, if I had not had proof that the real man did not die at the dissolution of the body. I did not know how long a man lived when he shuffled off his mortal coil, but I had had absolute proof that he survived death, and for many years, and, for aught I know, may forever, though "forever" is an awful long while, wholly beyond conception. This man was polite enough to say he thought Spiritualism was better than the creeds of the churches, but his reason for believing that death was the end of the man was that his father and his mother had died; so had brothers and sisters, lots of friends, also, that he was attached to and intimate with; he had lost children, also, and so had his relations, but he had never heard from one of them, and he felt sure he would if they had survived. So he did not and could not believe in their survival. This man had evidently given great thought to the subject, and seemed to thoroughly and rationally understand himself. He had at his tongue's end many of the wonderful things of mental human nature, but could see no reason for attributing such to the influence of departed spirits; nor could I have attributed his knowledge of such phenomena to spirits, unless I had had positive disembodied intelligence in some cases; and, having them once or in some cases, the fact would be a rational explanation of some of his experiences, unexplainable without. So, while it would be absurd to attribute to a departed spirit some things he mentioned until a departed spirit was proved, to me the fact was clear; and he admitted that, if a spirit was proved to exist, I was right in my inferences, but (said he) there is the rub.

I related to him items of my experience. He admitted they were wonderful, and had he such experiences himself he would have to believe as I did. But, said he, I have not, and don't ever expect to get such. The item that most interested him, which I related, was this: In my early experience, my wife had gone to a medium. She had been once or twice before. I thought it was superstitious and silly, but I knew she was sensible and level-headed, and trusted that time would cure her. But I was sitting alone in my library, and knew that she had gone somewhere to have a sitting with a medium. I said a thought to myself, and wondered why spirits, if they existed, could not come to me here in this house and to my wife. Why was it necessary to go a mile off, and to a stranger, to hear from my spirit daughter? The idea seemed absurd, and I said and wrote a message, and said if my little girl would send that to me that would be something. She may be now talking with my wife, though I doubt it; but let her send me this message, and then I will look into the subject. So I wrote a phrase familiar to her, my wife and myself, and then said audibly, "Write that for or to me, and if my little girl can't, get her Aunt Adeline or somebody she was with to do it for her," and I laughed at my own silliness for taking the pains, and thought no more of it, and then I went out. My wife returned about the time I did, and she handed me a long strip of paper, saying Hattie (our spirit daughter) sent that message to you, giving me the paper, on which was a string of nineteen letters, not divided into words, but it was exactly the message I had written, and in my room alone had asked her to send me. I must own it was a staggerer, and it called my attention to the subject; and, though a first communication, it covered the whole ground. I cannot solve this simple intelligent manifestation of nineteen letters, nor can any one else, except by a departed spirit or disembodied intelligence, and it would seem as if that was its intention. I know nobody knew I had written such a message. I was not present when it was responded to, nor did my wife expect it, or anything of the kind, or know of my intention. There must have been an intelligent operator at the other end of the wire. It may not have been my daughter who wrote it, but it must nave been an intelligence; hence, it was a departed spirit. No matter who it was responded to my request, it must have been some one who heard me make the request; perhaps seeing conditions right, may have influenced me to do it for the purpose of answering it and convincing me such a thing could not have been an accident or a coincidence.

It struck this man in Princeton as very wonderful, but he had had no such experience, and consequently could not believe it in the way he would if he had had it himself. He did not doubt me or my ability to state the exact fact; he only said if they could do that, why could they not do more; and that is a question I have asked many times myself, and leads me to say there are disabilities in all the manifestations; but I am thankful for the little I get, for outside of that little—that is, outside of modern Spiritualism—there is no proof that man survives the death of his body; and, without the experience which I have got in this way, I would have to be as I was, and as you are—a materialist. This man ended as he began, saying, "We do not know the capabilities of the human mind, and all such things may be accounted for without its being spirits." I hoped otherwise, and I guess he did, too, even if he did not say so.

We may criticise these manifestations, notice their short-comings—or, as I have said, their disabilities—but eliminate them from the world's thought and we would all have to be agnostic, or materialists, as this man was; for there is no evidence outside of them. And this, you know, is the age of fact and not the age of faith; but these manifestations throw a rationality on many phenomena, and in all ages, that would be relegated to the realm of fancy but for the sensuous phenomena of modern Spiritualism.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Princeton, Mass., July 5, 1889.

There is a giant rose tree in Roostoen, Holland, which has held 6,000 roses at the same time. The owner, Mme. Regen, considers it one of the great wonders of the world.

The size of the canvas on which Millet painted "L'Angelus," the famous $110,-600 picture, 21¼x25½ inches. The painting was paid for at the rate of $204.05 per square inch.

At the last meeting of the King's Daughter's in New York city, it was found that the order numbered about a hundred thousand members, most of whom are young ladies devoting their time to charity and reform.

Mrs. Catherine Bruce of New York city has contributed $50,000 for a powerful photograph telescope for Harvard College.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."

Letter from Santa Cruz.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I promised to write to you anything that might prove of interest to you in this fair city by the sea, and though I have hardly been here long enough to become thoroughly posted upon all the items of interest, I have been able to cull a few that may be acceptable.

One noticeable fact here, is that the Cause we all love is held in much more respect by the "unconverted," than is usually accorded it by those who fail to appreciate the fact that Spiritualism is a religion based upon scientific principles capable of demonstration to unprejudiced minds. Sometimes I think Spiritualists are more to blame than the masses, for this lack of respect which exponents of the Cause have to contend with. Owen Meredith says, "It is not the creed that makes the man, it is the man that justifies the creed," and how can Spiritualism uplift and benefit humanity, unless Spiritualists become humanitarians?

Mrs. Nickless, who is well known in San Francisco, is holding Sunday meetings at the Church of the Unity in this city. I attended her meeting last evening, and while the spiritual truths which fell from the lips of the gifted lady, impressed her audience most favorably, I must confess to a feeling so fraught with varied emotions that it is utterly inexpressible. When the musical director announced, for congregational singing, that grand old hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and requested that we sing it "Nearer my friends to Thee"—since God being everywhere and in everything, nothing could bring us nearer to It!

With all due respect to the gentleman's valuable opinion, is it not possible that every high and pure aspiration of our lives may bring us nearer the great Soul-center—nearer the source of all that is good—whom we call God—notwithstanding the fact that the spirit of that goodness or Godliness permeates the whole universe. Then why pervert that beautiful hymn, to say nothing of the king's English, when it is so much more appropriate as it is written?

Mr. Slater was to have given a public exhibition of his mediumistic powers one evening last week, but the city authorities wanted to charge him the price of a license to which he objected, on the very reasonable grounds that he was not going to hold a "show."

There are a great many Spiritualist here, and I hope the day is not far distant when their influence will be sufficiently potent to remove all such unreasonable opposition to public mediumship.

Santa Cruz beach is simply incomparable, and every Sunday afternoon the promenaders and bathers listen to the sweet strains of the city band, blended with the music of the waves, while the tambourine girl—of the Salvation Army—adds spice to the chorus. The weather is charming, the bathing delightful, and life is altogether lovely. The GOLDEN GATE comes as a benediction, and, like it, is always welcome. I would like to extend the right hand of fellowship to Mrs. Jane Merrill Mitchel for her admirable article in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE. Only *mothers* can understand and appreciate the full force of her arguments; but I would that all might profit thereby. There are so many wrongs in the social laws governing maternity, which set nature at defiance, that needs must be righted e'er the foundation can be laid upon which to build a better article of humanity; and it is by and through the mothers of our land that this reformation must come. Too long already have they been crucified, now let the resurrection begin.

Fraternally yours,

ALICE J. STEVENS.

Santa Cruz, July 8, 1889.

Ten Good Things to Know.

[The Sanitarian]

1. That salt will curdle new milk, hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.
2. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.
3. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.
4. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.
5. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.
6. That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.
7. That blue ointment and kerosene mxied in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, as a coat of whitewash is for the walls of a log house.
8. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.
9. That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.
10. That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rapping, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—*Emma Hardinge-Britten.*

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger, or sorrow, whether raised at a puppet-show, a funeral, or a battle, is your greatest leveller. The man who would be always superior should be always apathetic.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

A milk-white horse that was ridden by Gen. Grant during the war is now owned by D. B. Flint of Boston. The animal is 29 years old, and is often driven by Mr. Flint.

Ben Butler's memory, despite his years, is wonderful. He can call instantly to mind anything he has ever read or heard, and is seldom at a loss for a name or date.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Eona from the higher life, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light in earth land.]

To the Brothers and Sisters of our Loved Order, Greeting:—Eona comes with a glad heart to each and every one. Tides of sorrow have, like great billows, swept over your land, carrying with them the hopes and joys of many a home. Hearts beating with love for their own have stopped for a moment of time, then beat even with a stronger love in the land that received their drifting spirits. Angels whose highest mission it is to minister to loved ones have received and cared for many whose uncertain feet essayed vainly to walk the farther shore with the assurance of life. Could you see the freed spirits as they enter the beyond, and note their look of surprise on opening their eyes to the tangible life whose portals they have gained, you would not wonder that loved ones left behind are ready to discard the teachings of the past, and look longingly for some tangible reality on which to base their hopes. Eona, with the messengers and guides who hastened at the sound of the rush and roar of waters to release some fetter-bound one from the cruel debris which locked the gates of death while waiting the friendly hand of love to turn the key and bid the prisoner go free, has led weary ones away from the scene of disaster; has laid the spirit to rest upon bloom-covered mound; has taken little ones in her arms and borne them away where they might recover from the shock and find themselves cared for in beautiful homes, where eyes might open in gardens of blooms and bowers, vine-covered and sweet, and has looked with soul satisfaction upon the bright faces filled with wonder and surprise at the scene which greeted their waking. And we have heard their words repeated again and yet again: "If this be true, if the Spirit world is thus, why may not mortals know beyond a doubt?" Aye, dear ones, why indeed? The land beyond is bright, homes are pleasant, spirits love their own with a tender love. They hover near, ever ready to extend a helping hand. They walk the cool paths, sail o'er the bright lakes and clear rivers. Why may not their mortal friends know, and know so positively that there is no room for doubting?

And Eona might go still farther and ask, why all the diverse teachings, the many isms and doctrines purporting to come from the Spirit world, that confuse the mind and beat back the tide of a truth that will bless the land? Eona says in reply: The mind of mortals permeates many a revelation said to come from the land of souls. And, also, spirits who have not reached the heights where love and wisdom rule are not yet capable of becoming the guides to those heights. Children of earth, surrounded by its conditions, living very near the material, being swayed and governed by its impulses and feelings, cannot see clearly to discern the higher truths. Eona has seen advanced ones—those who had fallen asleep to waken in a material home—when at last again they fell asleep to waken in the spirit world, come back as strangers, remembering not the while of the time ere they left this land for that which is but the battle-ground of the soul. She has seen them happy and content with their condition, free from suffering and the conditions materiality gives to the children thereof, gathering up the knowledge which was food for the soul, and was so readily and freely found. She has seen them thus pursue their way for a time, until the spirit began to feel much as one would who had studied o'er and o'er the rudiments of arithmetic, had learned well how to add, subtract, multiply and divide, until all was at their ready command, then turn to take up something farther, and yet been met with the same rules again, as the fundamental rules of all mathematical calculation, until they have wondered was this all. Has knowledge no farther bound, or is it limited to the little world I see? Then will they gladly seek the temples where greater wisdom abides. There they find threads of other lives, find the guardian who longs for their return and yet waits until the soul reaches out for greater light and knowledge, ere their light will be received at its true value, and the whole mission of the earth pilgrimage has been fulfilled. To deepen the soul's chalice, make that receptive to more of the divine, is the highest aim of an earth life. And would-be teachers, many of them, still need this deepening and widening of their own souls. They glean from fields nearest their earth experiences, and, supposing that all the harvest man is entitled to, turn away from other fields, and sow broadcast their own inferior grain, covering the whole face of the earth therewith, until, when angels come from far away with that which has ripened under far-away skies, on which the Sun of the Eternal has shone, giving it its ripening baptisms known not in earth lands, they must be content with the nooks and corners where other wheat has failed to take root.

Dear ones, we were content with these same nooks and corners. We sowed therein plentifully, and have seen its growth there; and now, all o'er the face of your land we are permitted to find many a place where the old growth has died, and the soil is well prepared to receive our truth. All in good time the land will become purified and fitted for the dwelling-place of angels. Hearts and minds will receive from far away the gentle ministrations of unseen hosts, who will speak in certain tones of other lives, will be able to open memory's doors to certain facts not to be denied.

Eona again asserts to the world that she has repeatedly been a dweller of earth land; that Eon and Eona have incarnated again and again upon this planet earth. We have lived long lives, lived until our heads wore the white crown of age, and have also lived to reach mature years, then been welcomed back to our home in the spheres. And not only is this true with regard to ourselves, but also with regard to the highly unfolded minds of all ages and times. Spirits speak oft of that of which, at the time, they know very little. But the gates of wisdom are opened wide. Teachers stand at their posts of duty, and both spirit and mortal will in the near future understand, as now they do not. One after another will better learn the laws of life and progress, until the rudimental knowledge will cease to satisfy, and the human soul will long to put into practice its wisdom, and be better able to demonstrate to themselves and the world the grand problem of a human life.

With the love and blessing of

Eona.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.

Oswego, N. Y., June 23, 1889.

Expensive Funerals.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Having noticed in the editorial columns of the Golden Gate a few, according to my judgment, very sensible remarks upon funerals, I thought I would write you of my own experience, the body of my wife having been buried but two weeks ago. Although a Presbyterian in belief, the Free Methodists were so very attentive and kind to her during her sickness that my wife requested them to preach the funeral sermon. As a man and Spiritualist, I have too much respect for the the Golden Rule to disregard the request of any, particularly that of one of the best of mothers and most faithful of wives; consequently her wish was gratified; but the manner of the disposal of the remains was left to my judgment.

Accordingly, I called upon an undertaker, making arrangements for the plainest of interments compatible with decency. A simply trimmed, stained, wooden casket, without paint, varnish or box to impede decomposition, two coaches and service, were furnished for $45, and $15 more secured a grave and service in the neat cemetery at San Lorenzo.

The practice of this economy enabled me—a dry-goods' clerk, whose conscience has ever been in the way of his financial success—to give practical expression to my appreciation of my wife's carefulness to avoid debt, by placing within the casket duplicates of the receipted bills of both doctor and undertaker. Now, if such a course be not more respectful of the maternal feelings of the departed than would be an obeisance to pride and custom, involving the sacrifice of her children's well-being for six or eight months, I submit to the thoughtful.

As Spiritualists, we have chosen to think for ourselves; now let us dare to act, not in a spirit of opposition to that which is, but in that of faithful stewardship of the brighter light and fuller knowledge with which we are entrusted.

Respectfully yours,

James Seller.

1414 Pine St., Alameda, July 11, 1889.

Spiritual Manifestations in Alaska.

[Kate Field, in notes of "A Trip to Southern Alaska" in "Harpers' Weekly," says:]

"Christian Science, otherwise the faith cure, has not yet penetrated to Alaska, but Spiritualism has more than one devoted adherent. First and foremost comes Sam Miltage, an old Russian, aged 82, who lives at Sitka, and who tells wonderful stories of spiritual manifestations. Once upon a time there came to him in his sleep his old bishop, saying, 'You must make no more *hoochinoo* [native liquor]. Destroy what you have.' Firmly believing that the bishop had come from heaven for the express purpose of reforming his old parishioner, Miltage got up at midnight, emptied his *hoochinoo* into the sea, and broke up his primitive still. In the morning a government raid was made on all persons suspected of manufacturing the vile and poisonous liquor. Thanks to his bishop, Miltage was saved from arrest.

"Later, the old bishop came to Miltage in another dream, and commanded him to buy a New Testament. 'There are none to buy,' answered Miltage, 'and, what's worse, I can't read.' 'A way will be opened,' replied his bishop, on taking leave. Next day Miltage met a female friend on the street, who said, 'Isn't it queer, an Indian has just offered me a New Testament?' 'I'll buy it.' 'But you can't read it; it is in English.' 'That's not of the least consequence, buy it for me.' She did. Miltage read the Testament, continues to read it, and it is the only book in English he can read. Moreover, this old man claims that he writes in several languages that are unknown to him, and, at his death, his numerous manuscripts will be presented to the Greek church in San Francisco.

"Don't you believe these stories? When you visit Sitka, ask Sam Miltage."

The New Era Camp-Meeting.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I have been reading a letter in the last Gate, by Colonel C. A. Read of Portland, concerning the camp-meeting at New Era, and he states the attendance was not large and no interest taken. I am very sorry our dear brother Read has been misinformed, and that he should make such a statement public without more inquiry, as it was only a county meeting, and we had a good attendance through the week, and on the first Sunday about five hundred people were on the grounds, and on the last Sunday about seven hundred, and that is all one could expect from a county meeting. The good brother also states, "We want something more than phenomena, that alone cannot keep alive and bring to a high standard the practical interest of life." We would ask our dear brother Read what first interested him in Spiritualism? Was it not phenomena? And, will we not have to give others a start in the same way, so they may go on and make life noble and glorious with its after teachings? I do not say we want *all* phenomena, but that first, and then a whole after life to learn, and to teach Spiritualism in all its grandeur, which is progression, or, in other words, evolution; and, as for interest taken, the people were thoroughly alive and are building rapidly. We made several improvements, among them the most conspicuous was making rustic seats around trees that for beauty and hight cannot be excelled, even in the older States, tall pines that reach into heaven's blue some 280 to 290 feet, and building the rostrum larger and laying the carpet; and, if the Gate will make its appearance September 6, 1889, we will give it a hearty welcome and a prominent one. We also held a business meeting, in which D. H. Hendee was elected a committee of one for the purpose of repairing and furnishing the hotel on the grounds, so we can accommodate more guests. These repairs will be done by the State meeting September 6th. There were a great many mediums on the grounds, and did a good work.

Mrs. F. A. Brown, a natural clairvoyant, test and business medium, and as fine trance speaker, part of the time our chairman, shed an influence of harmony and love throughout our audience. Dr. L. Schlesinger of the *Carrier Dove* was with us, and did his good work; also, Mrs. Bruce of Lebanon, who is a good independent slate-writer. Mrs. Minor of Portland, as a trance-speaker, gave us many beautiful and instructive thoughts. Mrs. Ladd-Finigan of San Francisco was with us for several days, and her leaving the grounds before the meeting was out was felt by all. Mrs. Cornelius of Portland, as a test and business medium, did her self full justice. Professor De Jdhou of the *Advanced Thought* excelled himself as an inspirational speaker, as every one said. Professor Learned, a Professor of Chemistry of the New England States, who has been a Spiritualist for thirty-two years, and has traveled extensively and attended many camp-meetings, says he never attended *one* before where so much harmony and peace was felt by all. He read several beautiful poems from "The Inner Life" by Lizzie Doten. Thomas Buckman, our worthy President, had to be away for two days on account of his own health and that of his sister. We had an inspirational musician, Homer Kruse, who will yet make a name for himself that will travel from shore to shore. Mr. E. Brown we thank with all our hearts for the quiet and continuous work he gave. Of course, all our home mediums were there in full force and worked for the good of the cause.

We thank the good ladies and their helpers of the sterner sex for their lovely decorations, as, entering the door of the temple, one would think they were going into a forest of green and flowers. Mr. Mauritz S. Liden gave us some good talks.

Hoping this full account will satisfy our dear brother Read as to the harmony and interest taken in Spiritual matters in Oregon, I remain your sister in the truth,

Mrs. H. B. Holland,
Secretary of F. S. S.

Salem, July 9, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

All Fools or Knaves.

Recently I was handed the "Romance of the Two Worlds" to read; and as is my custom, I read the introduction to begin with, which by the way, will be the end of that reading. That condemns the whole book for me, and in my humble opinion, should for all Spiritualists. Any-one who has received anything from the spirit world in any other manner than that by which Marie Corelli thinks she has got it, is called "deluded;" their belief, and even their knowledge spoken of as "obstinate credence in the most vulgar tricks and delusions," "incipient madness"; mediums spoken of as "sickly and morbid," and many other insulting names.

Says "spirits cannot touch anything corporeal," "that the very fact of medium's not being above taking money for the practice of their conjuring art is sufficient to condemn them." I should like very much to know if this highly exalted (?) Marie has been "above" taking money for her book. She goes on and tells what true Spiritualism is, and it is just what we have been teaching and practicing also, in a great measure these forty years. She, however, feigns ignorance of the fact; and moreover, denounces our Spiritualism as a "craze;" wants everyone to understand her Spiritualism is of a far different type, for she, forsooth, "believes in Christ." I should like to have some one in authority tell me why a pure, holy, self-sacrificing life isn't just as acceptable by the spirit world without belief in Christ as the man Jesus, and he of immaculate conception, the only begotten Son of God, etc., as with it, especially as we can't force ourselves to believe or disbelieve.

Through the phenomena of Spiritualism has come the possibility for Marie Corelli to put such a romance out and have any assurance of having it read, and it is in very bad taste for her to denounce the millions who know on whom they believe just as well as she does, and the majority of them just as good and as pure as she. I want to emphasize the assertion that there isn't one good thing spoken of in her Introduction but that has been taught by Spiritualism all these years; however she may have got them I don't pretend to say. There are other points in said Introduction I might take up, but this article is already long enough.

Justice.

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at *Flood Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.*

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; I. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; W. H. YEAW, TREASURER; E. W. STEELE, AND J. J. OWEN, TRUSTEES.

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TERMS:—$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; $1.25 or six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses, $10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

☞ All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

AGENTS.

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SAMUEL D. GREEN, ..367 Nostrand ave., Brooklyn, N. Y
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GUSTIE F. HOWE, ...Onset, Mass.
MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, W. J. COLVILLE and DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

VOLUME IX.

With its present issue the GOLDEN GATE enters upon its ninth volume, or the fifth year of its existence.

We have not reached this point without a struggle. Many times, but for the strong, sustaining hand ever guiding and leading us on, we should have fallen by the wayside footsore and disheartened. But now the light is breaking in the east and the prospect brightens—the prospect for better and more satisfactory work under better conditions.

Through the munificent gift of that grand soul, Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, the GOLDEN GATE is assured of a home of its own, and that, too, in the immediate future. It is the intention of the trustees to proceed at once to procure a site for a building; and also to procure plans for, and push forward the erection of, the same as rapidly as possible.

The donation of Mrs. Sleeper will, at the lowest estimate, amount to $30,000. It may, in a better market, that now seems probable in the near future, yield $40,000. Of this sum fully $20,000, and perhaps more, will be required for a suitable site. The balance, of course, will not be sufficient to erect such a building as would be desirable and profitable. But, with such a start, we may safely go ahead, trusting to the generosty of other noble souls for the means to complete the work.

One of the proposed prominent features of the work we have in hand will be the establishment of a school for psychical research, where the most thorough system of investigation of spiritual phenomena may be carried on, and the result given to the world through the columns of this journal. To this end every condition necessary will be provided, and the services of the best mediums secured. Who can estimate the advantage to the cause of a work of this kind?

It is intended to erect a building of four stories, attractive in appearance, with an elevator, and that, in addition to the uses required of it for spiritual purposes, a large assembly hall, an office for the GOLDEN GATE, book depository, seance rooms, library, reading room, etc.—it shall contain a large number of rooms and offices for rent, thereby providing a perpetual revenue for the benefit of the cause of Spiritualism. Is not this an object worthy of our best efforts; and, when accomplished, may it not become a mighty power for good?

It is with this end in view, and near at hand, that the GOLDEN GATE enters upon its new volume—"with charity for all, and malice towards none," ever aiming to uplift humanity, and bring the angel world nearer to earth.

MR. COLVILLE IN SAN DIEGO.

On Sunday last, July 14th, W. J. Colville lectured in the morning, at National City, in Grange Hall, to a large and much delighted audience. In the afternoon he spoke in answer to a variety of questions propounded by a numerous audience in Louis Opera House, San Diego, in which place special exercises were held, at 7:45 P. M., appropriate to July 14th. A most excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather and Mr. R. H. Whiting. W. J. Colville gave a fine lecture and poem on the inspiring theme, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The audience was very large and highly appreciative. Decorations appropriate to the occasion were most graciously sent by Mrs. V. R. Shipley of San Francisco, consisting of an immense French flag and a beautifully illuminated scroll, displaying the words, "*Liberte, egalite, fraternite.*" These were enhanced by choice bouquets of flowers presented by local ladies. The exercises were as follows: Marseillaise Hymn, rendered by full choir and orchestra; reading; hymn; invocation; anthem, "Sound an Alarm," from Judas Macabeus, exquisitely performed by Mr. Fairweather (vocalist), Mrs. Fairweather (pianist), Mr. Whiting (cornetist); lecture by W. J. Colville, and poem by W. J. Colville.

Another fine choral service will be given next Sunday, July 21st, at 7:45 P. M. Answers to questions, 2:30 P. M.

GOD does not accompany us when we walk in forbidden paths.—*Signs of the Times.*

Then, of course, God cannot be omnipresent—can he?

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The treating habit is one of the worst features of our public saloon system. A meets B—they have not met recently, or, if they have, it would probably make no difference. It is, "Come, take a drink"—first one and then the other; and then they fall in with C, D and E, and they all drink together at E's expense, followed with several more rounds. Result—five drunks ready for a howling spree, perhaps for murder; five wretched headaches the next morning, and five homes made sad. Perhaps not one of these five people really felt the need of a stimulus, and not one, if left to his own inclinations, would have even entered the saloon. This is one of the hydra heads of our present liquor system. Is there any remedy, except in the destruction of the monster?

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"Almost there!" said the grand old veteran, as, with tottering form and feeble step, he returned my friendly greeting as we passed. Yes, indeed, methought, you are "almost there." A very little while and the pale boatman will bear you away to "the land of rest," where all your "possessions lie." How grand it must be to feel that one's work on earth is finished, when it has been well done, and that the time is near at hand when one can lay the old body down, and step forth into the new life! Thrice happy day! No more the bent form and feeble step! No more the wrinkled features, nor the dull senses! But from the old tenement of clay steps forth a spirit form, radiant and fresh with the luster of perpetual youth. Happy ye aged one, who can say, "All hail the day of my deliverance!"

***

What a monster of iniquity has man, in his ignorance, made of the All Father! He is held up to the world as a being of Omnipotent power and infinite cruelty, who can be placated only by the most obsequious worship, and a belief in a stupendous absurdity. To question the existence of such a being is to cut oneself off from all hope here or hereafter. It is to force the Father to consign the children of his creation to everlasting woe, with never a chance to reform, but forever and ever to suffer torments untold. How can any just man make himself believe it possible for him to love such a being! How unlike the Infinite Spirit of the All Good that the unfolded spirit of this more enlightened age has come to recognize! The old faiths of the world are being slowly undermined by the newer and better philosophies of life, and ere long they will disappear altogether.

***

A pretty form and face, when not accompanied by vanity, are attractions that every woman may be pardoned for aspiring to. Symmetry and beauty of person, like all other forms of beauty, have a spiritual side which is uplifting and ennobling. Who can deny the inspiring effect of grand natural scenery—of majestic mountains, of restless oceans and of summer sunsets. It is only when we learn to comprehend the spiritual significance of beautiful forms that we derive the highest and purest delight therein. True beauty must belong to the spirit to be rightly appreciated. A beautiful spirit makes the plainest features of the human face beautiful. In searching for the beauty which survives the ravages of time, one must delve beneath the surface of things. There is a beauty of form and face that grows more beautiful with time, but it can be seen only with the eye of the spirit.

***

If you would have health of body you must first have harmony of spirit and peace of mind. When all of the bearings are properly oiled, the machinery of the mill runs smoothly and without friction; but once admit an element of inharmony, and the friction of discord is felt through all its parts. As a particle of dust will stop the movement of a watch, so, with a finely organized, sensitive nature, will the indulgence of a single, unkind or unworthy thought often produce great disturbance in the physical system. We do not say that *all* sickness is the result of inharmonious conditions of mind, but that much of it is is beyond question. Some people think they are harmonious when they are greatly otherwise. True harmony is that condition of the spirit which is at one with the All-Good—that thinks no ill, that rises superior to all the petty annoyances of life, and reposes sweetly and serenely on the bosom of Infinite Love. Below this there is more or less discord to work havoc with the delicate machinery of the body—just how and to what extent we may not fully know.

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To the materialist what a dreary, hopeless place is the grave! With no knowledge or thought of life beyond, he consigns the remains of some idol of his soul to the cold earth. To him the life that faded away in his arms marked the end of being for that loved one, absolutely and forever. There is nothing left for him now but memory, and the consciousness of a dead joy. He shuts his ears to the voice that would gladly speak to him out of the silence, and give him the assurance that his idol still lived. He will not have it so, for has he not reasoned himself into the conviction that there can be no such thing as spirit separate from the mortal body? And so he turns homeward from the place of the dead, with the light gone out of his life forevermore. All the logic and reason of all the schools of materialistic thought cannot possess a feather's weight in the scale against the demonstrated fact of one little spirit rap, nor all the agnosticism of the universe against a single grain of positive knowledge.

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We know a lovely soul, aglow with the highest and holiest thoughts of human life and duty—a mother of a noble son, whose nature is unfolding beautifully under her loving care,—who thinks only good continually, and carries her thoughts into all her acts, which are ever for the uplifting of the lowly and the advancement of truth; and yet this grand soul is distrustful of her own merits, and of her power and influence for use in the world. It is well to be modest and unpretentious; it indicates a well-disciplined spirit. But, if this good woman could see herself as the bright ones of the other life see her, she would lift up her soul and rejoice that she is able to be the instrument for good that she is. Take courage, sister; you are building better than you know.

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How glibly we talk about scientific methods of psychical research, as though it was one thing to be scientific and another to be careful and truthful. What is science but a few collated facts in certain departments of nature? Wherein does the astronomer, or the geologist, or the naturalist, possess any peculiar qualifications for the investigation of psychic phenomena? He can apply none of his methods here. Here is a new realm of natural facts that can only be explored in ways peculiarly its own. The one who enters this realm with mind divested of the prejudices that a scientific knowledge in other departments of nature is apt to engender, is the better qualified, in our judgment, to discover the facts that abound therein. It is no discredit to Spiritualism that its facts are rejected by Dr. Carpenter and the Seybert Commission. The judgment of Professors Crooks, Wallace and Zollner, is quite as conclusive to the contrary; while there are thousands of plain, practical people, who are not scientists in the general acceptance of the term, whose judgment in these matters is quite as good as if they were.

TREMBLING ROME.

What a day in the world's history was that of the unveiling of the statue of Giordano Bruno, on the 9th inst.! It should be celebrated henceforth as the whitest day of the nineteenth century; but for Rome it was one of sackcloth and ashes, hundreds of Catholics leaving the city to be absent during "the impious ceremonies." The Pope had to remain, and he solemnly exposed the sacrament "in expiation of the out-"rages upon religion perpetuated by the inaugura-"tion of the memorial."

The ceremonies were witnessed by the syndec of Rome, government officials, and a great number of senators and deputies. In an oration deputy Bovio, in eulogizing the martyr, declared that "To-day is born a new religion of free "thought and liberty of conscience which would "be worse for the papacy than the loss of its "temporal power." We read that "the Pope "was much depressed and refused to see any "body during the day."

We should think the Pope and all priests and officials of the church generally, would be "depressed" all the time with a knowledge of the persecutions that have been practiced in its name. But all churches might equally be depressed on days of triumph over darkness and superstition, for the Protestant Reformation was but a successor to the Inquisition, no less bloody and cruel.

"The world moves," and it seems, by contrast, to be moving very fast in Italy. Several hundred years ago no one could see or believe it, but Galileo; now it is apparent to all, especially to the Church of Rome.

PROF. RUSSELL.

The best and most accurate measure of our liberal progress is a book. In all ages of the Christian era they have been thrown out upon the great sea of life,—thoughts sent adrift to tell coming voyagers of our progress over the shoals and rocks of a stormy sea. The time is past when one may be put to death for a book, but death is not persecution, and one may be still persecuted, if not for writing, then for reading and adapting the argument and sentiments of a book. After causing a general commotion in churches, the wave of excitement created by "Robert Elsmere," has reached Yale College, and judging from reports, that historical witch-burning country has given it a new impetus.

Prof. John Russell, of the theological school, in a lecture to the students, defended the book on the miracle question, asserting that the authenticity of miracles is so doubtful no one should be excluded from the Christian church for not believing in them. Prof. Fisher, then present, at once took issue and declared in favor of miracles, considering them a necessary basis of the church and one of the foundation stones of the orthodox faith. Prof. Russell's resignation was at once asked, and he is now in Williams College. He did not stand alone, however, as several of the students declare their intention of following him.

Thus it will be seen that our human nature in high places is not permeated altogether by that liberality that we imagined gave every man a right to his own convictions, and the greater right of expressing them without being ordered "down and out."

SAVE THE EARTH.

Science and Invention have transformed the surface of our world, and are now penetrating into the interior to find what useful products Nature may have stored there. Natural gas is just now considered a valuable discovery, and the old earth is being punctured all over her body to this end.

In a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* the question was asked: "Is it safe to drill the earth too much?" We should say it is not safe to do anything too much, and China proved hundreds of years ago that deep earth drilling is a dangerous thing, in a terrible experience of explosions and conflagrations of the gas wells that at that period were numerous in that Empire.

Prof. Jones, who answers the above question in the *Popular Science*, portrays a possible catastrophe that might be well to consider, in view of the fact that so many now desire to become immortal mortals. Assuming that the earth is a hollow sphere filled with gaseous substance, called by us natural gas, he thinks the tapping of these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting from the lighted gas coming in contact with that which is escaping. He compares the earth to a balloon, floated and kept distended by the gas in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to collapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies and fall in pieces.

Another writer who also thinks there is imminent danger of an explosion, says that drilling should be prohibited by stringent laws. A third person has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers, from which he discloses startling discoveries. He heard sounds that he describes as the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and one-half or so beneath the Ohio and Indiana gas fields, the temperature of the earth is three thousand five hundred degrees. Should we not stop and think upon what shallow ground we stand, and upon what forces?

HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

The following brief sketch of this grand champion of our facts is from an eastern exchange:

On the second floor of the handsome block known as the Richmond block, in Meadville, one will enter the spacious offices of A. B. Richmond & Son. The walls are adorned with paintings, cabinets of curiosities, scientific apparatus, law books, and many accessories not usually found in the abodes of men of a legal turn of mind. Mr. Richmond is truly an original genius. He is a native of Indiana; was born in the year 1825. He took a scientific course in Allegheny College at Meadville, studied medicine and surgery, and practiced these professions three years. He then read law, and was admitted in 1848. He has been connected with over 4,000 criminal cases, 73 of which were homicides. He was District Attorney of the county at one time. Mr. Richmond has been a prominent temperance speaker, and also has been on the stump during many political campaigns. As an author he has written "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison," "Dr. Crosby's Calm View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," and "What I Saw at Cassadaga Lake." These works are written in fervid style, and in the main bring out strong temperance truths in an inimitable way. Mr. Richmond has had a varied experience in his profession, and in his books has painted scenes of suffering in all the vividness of reality. He is an eloquent speaker, and a man of varied and extensive knowledge of both science and law.

We may add that Mr. Richmond is regarded as one of the first criminal lawyers of the nation. He first came to a knowledge of the basic truth of Spiritualism only about three years ago.

MRS. WARD.

Mrs. Ward's books are destined to do a great deal of good, and we cannot imagine that one so progressed in religious matters should be equally conservative on the question of woman's rights. One would naturally suppose she would attack Paul's injunctions, and work for the social and political freedom for women, as she does for mental freedom for ministers. But Mrs. Ward is not merely a passive opponent of woman suffrage, but is performing active work against it, and, in company with Frederick Harrison, is organizing an anti-woman suffrage society. We do not understand why a woman who does not desire the ballot for herself should work against others who do. So intelligent a woman cannot be blind to the many abominable institutions and laws that exist only because women cannot vote. The objections raised against women voting would, if there was equal judgment in the two questions, disfranchise half its male voters, and transfer their ballots to the same number of women. We do not believe all women, any more than all men, are fitted to cast an intelligent, unbiased ballot. Until they so become, we would except them (*both* sexes) from taxation, as we do the Indians, and in the mean time provide means for their education, as we do the young. The right to the ballot should rest only upon fitness and capability to use it to the best advantage and good of all concerned. Mrs. Ward certainly does not think the drunken lout, who cannot write his name, nor read it either, is a fit representative of any decent and sensible woman.

WE are once more cheered by the weekly recurrence of our esteemed contemporary, the GOLDEN GATE, the only Spiritualist paper on the coast with a forty-thousand-dollar bequest. By the way, the GATE still publishes its "form of bequest" for the use of those who wish to leave it money. Does it want the earth as well as the spheres?—*Free Thought.*

Well, no, not exactly; but we want enough of it for a four-story building for the uses of Spiritualism that may cost from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. The forty-thousand-dollar donation is a glorious pointer in that direction.

—Those desiring correspondence with Mrs. E. A. Hammatt, the projector of the Mediums' Home, at Encinitas, can address her for the present at 841 Market street, care *Carrier Dove* office.

—Our "Question Department" is unavoidably crowded out for this week; but it will keep.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—No. 138 won the oriental quilt at the drawing on Saturday evening last; who is the lucky holder has not yet transpired.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney is a prominent feature of the State Meeting at Onset, Mass. She is a wonderful power upon the rostrum.

—Mrs. R. S. Lillie, the popular lecturer, who won such golden opinions at our last year's camp meeting, is among the brilliant array of talent at Onset, and also at Cassadaga Lake, for this season.

—Hon. A. B. Richmond, author of the famous Review of the Seybert Commsssion Report, is announced to speak at the Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting, on the subject: "Evolution and a Future Life."

—That excellent medium, Mrs. E. V. Utter, 309 Thirteenth street, gives free sittings every Saturday to the poor—a truly kind and charitable act, and one that shows that her heart is in the right place.

—The editor of the G. G. takes a run this morning to the mountains, to be absent for two restful days, among the pines, and by cool mountain streams. Perhaps, as he gets closer to Nature's great throbbing heart, he may catch a glimpse of some of her sweeter meanings—obtain some threads of silver to weave into his "Fragments."

—Some of our evangelical clergy declare that the Almighty sent the Johnstown disaster, for some wise purpose; Elder Bartlett, a Seventh Day Adventist, insists that the Devil is responsible for the disaster. The Coroner's jury irreverently ignore all these theories and declare that the weakness of the dam caused the accident. Who, what or which are we to believe?

—A Rochester (N. Y.) subscriber, writing to renew his subscription, says: "I enclose $2.50 "for which please continue GOLDEN GATE to "my address another year. Your 'Fragments' "must heal the broken-hearted and bring peace "and rest to those heavily laden with life's bur-"dens, and to those who aspire to lofty purpose "and highest endeavor, they are an inspiration."

—We are pleased to learn that Eliza A. Pittsinger, the poetess, who resides with her sister, Mrs. Ingram-Holcomb, of this city, is recovering from the sore affliction of failing eyesight, from cataract, under treatment of Dr. George C. Pardee. For many months she had been unable to read, and could write only by dictation. The left eye, which had become wholly sightless, has, by a successful operation, been fully restored to sight.

—Hon. A. B. Richmond's addendum to his Review of the Seybert Commission Report contains 164 pages. It contains an account of Mr. Richmond's interview with Mr. Rowley, he of occult telegraph fame. In a private letter to Dr. Crane, of St. Helena, Mr. Richmond says of Rowley: "I have seen the device work when "R. only touched it with a penholder just where "I directed." This addendum contains much other wonderful experience of the talented author, and may be had of Colby & Rich, Boston, for 75 cents.

—The widow of Jean Francois Millet, the artist, it is stated, is living in extreme poverty at Barbazon, France. One picture of her husband, "The Angelus," was sold recently in Paris for $110,800, while the widow of the man who painted it is suffering for the necessaries of life! This same picture brought the artist only $400, and others of his works, now worth fabulous prices, were sold by him for very insignificant sums. Such is fame! It is apt to come to the real child of genius when too late to be of any use to him or his family.

—The *Light*, London, refering to the munificent gift to the GOLDEN GATE Company, by Sister Sleeper, says: "Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper is "the lady whose example will, we trust, be "widely followed—may we say especially in this "country! It is high time that those who have "money should give liberally to a cause that has "not, and that those whose experiences of Spirit-"ualism have been to them a life-long blessing "should remember that fact when they come to "die. We do not envy our contemporary; we "heartily offer our congratulations. But we say "to our friends here, Go and do likewise. And "this gift has in its record another lesson. It "was made during Mrs. Sleeper's life. *Bis dat* "*qui cito dat.* The more we consider the exam-"ple the more we commend it."

—We are pleased to note that our Trustees are making good progress in the matter of selecting a site for the new spiritual temple. They have several lots under consideration, and will no doubt make their final choice in a few days. The difficulty in a matter of this kind is to obtain a good business location, or at least one in the line of the city's growth, and at the same time that will come within the limit of our means. When good business lots sell all the way from one to three thousand dollars per front foot, this is not so easy a matter as one might suppose. The fact is, San Francisco property is advancing in value at a wonderful rate, and the sooner we make the purchase the better it will be for us.

—It would be amusing, if it were not pitiable, to compare the editorial comments of our leading dailies with their news columns, in the matter of the recent fight between two drunken bruisers. In the former they hold up their hands in horror and disgust over the brutal exhibition. In the latter they portray, with satanic unction, all the details of the sickening encounter. Not satisfied with this, they follow the nasty sloggers through the country, tell what they ate for supper, and repeat their ribald utterances; and they keep it up from day to day, and repeat it, over and over again, until the gorge of a surfeited public is turned with disgust. If the press would set its moral foot down on all such "news," such a thing as a prize fight would never be heard of.

Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The mediums' meeting was of unusual interest last Sunday. The music from the organ, cornet and two piccolos, by Misses Taylor, Davis, Kemp and Perkins, gave life to the singing, which is one of the most important requisites of a spiritual meeting. The subject of "Doubts" was introduced to the audience by G. F. Perkins. Mrs. Perkins followed with remarks upon the same subject. Mr. Thompson of Santa Rosa gave a short address, giving his view of Spiritualism. He was a Congregationalist, but confessed that he had heard nothing at the two meetings which he had attended contrary to his own idea of immortality. He was investigating this belief, and would say that his doubts were fast melting away. The particular point which pleased him was to notice the absence of the usual raillery upon the Christian church. If this manner of conducting the meetings were strictly adhered to, it would certainly draw many from the churches, rather than repel them, as had been the case in the past. Mr. Bean, Mrs. Arffield and many others spoke upon the subject. Mrs. Hooper read a spirit communication which advocated more attention to the necessary harmonious conditions when sitting for development. After singing, the meeting changed to the forming of circles, which brought out many mediums, who gave loving messages from the spirit side of life. The cordial manner of all present demonstrated the fact that it was a good place to be in. The public are invited to attend each Sunday afternoon, 909 Market street.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The French celebration did not prevent a goodly number of seekers after spiritual truths last Sunday evening at St. George Hall. The introduction of the cornet, flute and piccolo is a great addition to singing, which is very pleasing. The Kohn sisters sang a charming song, and Messrs. Johansen and Kemp favored us with a vocal duet. Miss Flora Thompson and Georgie Thompson each gave a recitation, and Mrs. Thompson an original article upon the beauties of the spiritual philosophy. Professor Pfuhl, an astrologer, gave a very instructive address upon dark and light influences, and upon the use of color in our clothing. The professor is a very able, but modest, astrologer and medium. Mrs. Perkins was unusually interesting in her spirit communications. G. F. Perkins directed the exercises, and gave phrenological readings. All seemed satisfied with the evening.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Progressive Spiritualist Society of Oakland met last Sunday and held their usual exercises, Mr. Shephard presiding. The evening meeting was well attended, quite a number of strangers being present. Mrs. Loomis delivered a lecture on the "Past, Present and Future of Spiritualism," explaining what had been done in the past, and what must be done in the future. Mrs. Cowell afterwards gave a number of tests, all of which were recognized. Next Sunday evening Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan will occupy the platform in giving tests. We invite all friends to come and visit us. Meetings commence at 7 P. M. Yours fraternally, MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

July 17, 1889.

Irving Hall Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meetings last Sunday at Irving Hall, by Professor Ormerod, were, as usual, very interesting. Many tests were given and recognized, both afternoon and evening. Also in the evening a number of questions were answered by his guides in a clear and satisfactory manner. It is expected that these meetings will be moved to a more central location, as the present place of meeting is somewhat out of the spiritual atmosphere.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 16, 1889.

SOCIABLE.—There was a brilliant reception and party at the elegant residence of Captain and Mrs. Foye, No. 831 Fulton street, on Monday evening, July 15, 1889, tendered to Dr. H. W. Abbott and friends. The parlors were beautifully and tastefully decorated with all kinds of living flowers, etc. Among the numerous floral pieces sent by the friends of Dr. Abbott were several large and beautiful designs, one representing Truth, Love and Wisdom, about fifteen feet in length; also an arch with the name "Oseweago" in large block letters of silver; also a horseshoe of immense size, with a large star in the center with a base of eight feet; also a large star, with the initials H. W. A. in the center; also several smaller horseshoes, and other floral offerings too numerous to mention. The tables were loaded with all the delicacies of the season, and the evening was pleasantly passed in mirth, music and song; and when the last piece of music was rendered, "Home, Sweet Home," they were loth to depart. But all joined with their thanks for the unbounded hospitality extended them by Mr. and Mrs. Foye, as well as Mrs. Post, and it was a sentiment expressed by all the guests that it will be many a day before the pleasures of the evening will be effaced from their memories. Among some of the ladies and gentlemen present were Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Abbott, Mrs. Woodworth, Mr. McCann, Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein, Captain and Mrs. Foye, Mrs. Post, Mrs. Offield, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. and Miss Foye, Mrs. Paige, Mr. Paige, Jr., Mrs. Gambie, Mr. and Miss Crum, Mrs. Plaice, Mr. McAfee, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. Nichols, Mr. Marsden, Mrs. Hammett, Mrs. Slater, Mrs. and Miss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden, Mr. Adams, and others.

Passed Beyond the Veil.

Eliza Logan, wife of Colonel Henry Logan, and mother of William R. and Charles Logan, passed into the transition state Saturday morning, June 29, 1889, at Buena Vista, Col., age 56 years. She had been a great sufferer for over two years. Everything that willing hands and money could do was done to save her life and relieve pain. As a tribute to her memory, I send to her favorite papers (the GOLDEN GATE and the *Woman's Journal* of Boston) a short history of this quiet, unostentatious woman. She was a firm friend of woman's higher education; was the principal of the Joliet (Ill.) school in 1852, and was one of the candidates for school board honors at Buena Vista, Col., in 1884. During the canvass for woman suffrage in Colorado, in 1878, she wrote many strong articles for its advancement. While sojourning with an invalid husband at Salina, Kansas, the latter part of 1884 and early part of 1885, she became interested in the workings of Salina Equal Suffrage Club, and immediately gave her assistance in canvassing for municipal suffrage for the women of the Sunflower State. She was the honored vice-president of the Buena Vista Equal Suffrage Club. Early in life she joined the Congregational church. When the division in the church came, she went with the liberal side, and finally drifted out into the clear blue sea of Spiritualism. She passed away as she had lived for many years—a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy.

While traveling with her ailing companion in California, some two years ago, she had her spiritual life broadened and her earthly life lengthened in many ways. The cosmopolitan air of the Pacific coast people she admired very much. The fruits, flowers, nuts, tropical plants and trees, the flowing streams and calm Pacific of your fine State gave her strength of body and power of soul to see and understand more fully the natural beauties of earth. She attended the Spiritual camp-meetings, listened to the eloquence of a Colville, and drank in all the wine she could hold that fell from the lips of Mrs. Watson. I want your readers to know that she cherished those happy days as among her best; and as her life ebbed away she knew that a beloved daughter and three sons awaited her coming to the spirit home. LAURA C. O. HOLTSCHNEIDER.

ST. ELMO, Col., July 10, 1889.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Washington Hall had another full meeting Sunday evening, July 14th, the occasion being the second lecture by Professor Charles Dawbarn. The meeting opened with congregational singing, after which Mr Dawbarn made some preparatory remarks outlining somewhat his course in forthcoming lectures, to be given by him before this society. A solo by Mrs. Wm. Muhlner, entitled "The Last Message," was very finely rendered. The thanks of the directors are tendered to this lady for so kindly volunteering her services on this occasion. Mr. Dawbarn's subject for lecture was "Footprints of To-Day"—a grand, practical subject, handled with ability, and received with great applause by the audience. His subject for next Sunday evening will be "Rocks Ahead." Mrs. E. Clark closed with a solo. There will be held on next and every Sunday the usual conference and test meeting at 2 P. M. All invited.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec.

St. Andrews' Hall.

The meeting of the Union Spiritualists on last Wednesday evening was well attended. The meeting was opened by a song by the audience, followed by a lecture on "Obsession" by Professor Adrian Ormerod. Mrs. Lathrop then sang a song entitled "Ruby." The meetings are growing in interest and numbers every meeting. Meetings every Wednesday evening at 7:45. All invited.

—Our good contemporary, *The Better Way*, Cincinnati, glistens with many spiritual gems, whereof the following are of the first water:

Spiritualists who make Spiritualism a study have no time for controversy or to fight other religious bodies.

Most of the fault finding in this world is due to envy, an evil so subtle that the possessor is seldom cognizant of its presence.

The tearing down policy is never the best, for it often causes but a more tenacious hold of those of an opposite tendency to their idols. Simple truths, gently put at the propitious moment undermines the most bigoted belief and leads to the light.

The true and most successful reformer is he who starts out minus a *personal* aim in the motive. Such is love, and without which no foundation is lasting. Reward always follows success but can never be collected in advance. The mere design for the latter prevents the centralization of the forces necessary to build upon. Go it without price or expectation. Nature did the same. Follow her example.

—Friends of W. J. Colville and the public generally are warned not to give money or subscriptions for Mr. Colville's new book ("Studies in Theosophy, Historical and Practical") to any but the authorized agent, Miss H. M. Young, 1725 Everett street, Alameda, and 1119 Sutter street, San Francisco.

MARVELOUS CURE,

BY DR. J. S. LOUCKS, OF WORCESTER, MASS.; ALSO, UNSOLICITED STATEMENT.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS:—I feel that I owe you a true account of my case, as you have so faithfully diagnosed it, without a word of complaint to act upon, and your remedies have so decidedly acted as curatives. I have been a great sufferer for years from erysipelas in my blood, dyspepsia, constipation and catarrhal difficulties, with occasional liver and kidney troubles. The second week of last February I took a sudden cold which located on my lungs, at the same time aggravating all those old complaints, attended with the most distressing spasmodic cough, and when I sent was suffering ulceration in the throat which defied all treatment on account of the cough. On the 22d day of March I received your remedies, about an hour or so after suffering an unmerciful coughing spell. I hurried to read the directions and took the first dose, and, wonderful to tell, I have never since had a sign or sympton of a cough, though copious expectorations continued for several days, but performed by simply hemning. I was worn out with nervous debility and restlessness, but after the third day's use of your remedies I could sleep like a baby. My system was so cold that I had to soak my hands and feet sometimes two or three times a day to keep comfortable, which was entirely relieved in a few days. It is truly wonderful to think how fast I recovered after commencing to take your remedies. I am now able to do most of my housework; have walked half a mile in the morning and back at night. My appetite and digestion is perfect and free from all those old troubles but catarrh, which lingers still. Can you cure that? Many thanks to the invisible hand and yourself for the ability displayed for the healing of disease, and my best wishes for continuance. Very truly yours,

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., April 28, 1886.

"CIRCLE OF HARMONY."—Mrs. F. A. Logan will resume her meetings in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, Sunday, at 11 o'clock. All invited to participate.

THE MEDICAL LAW.

The old doctors have obtained a law giving them a monopoly of caring for the sick; if they had not their business would have been gone. Read the following:

ANOTHER MIRACLE.

DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa—My Dear Friend:—I esteem it not only a pleasure, but a duty that I owe, not to yourself alone, but to the public, to set forth some facts respecting my mental and physical condition during the past year. In the early part of the year 1883, my nervous system became very much affected, so that I was unable to sleep. This restless and sleepless condition continued to that extent that many nights in succession I was unable to close my eyes, all of which was reducing my physical powers and also affecting the mental; in fact, the whole structure was gradually becoming weaker and weaker each succeeding day, and during all this time I was seeking the various patent medicines, and consulting the best medical ability that I could find in Michigan and northern Minnesota, but of no avail; and finally I was advised to cross the continent, and in October I took a trip to Puget Sound, returning home about November 1st, having received little or no benefit from my journey.

Upon returning home I again consulted an eminent physician, who informed me that nothing but temporary relief could be afforded me; and thus I went on until about November 25th, when a friend, hearing of my situation, brought me one of Dr. Dobson's circulars, advising and urging me to try the magnetic healer of Maquoketa, Iowa. I finally consented, under protest, to send for a diagnosis of my case. This was November 25th; on the 27th I slept some, but from the latter date up to and including December 4th, I did not sleep, all told, twenty minutes, at which time my mind and memory had become so weakened, and with a distracted brain, I was on the verge of insanity. At the time of the arrival of the first month's medicine, December 5th, I had about fully made up my mind that my case was hopeless and my restoration doubtful in the extreme, as it had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians in different sections of the country. I commenced your treatment on December 5th, and ere I had taken the first month's medicine I could readily perceive a marked change in my mental and physical condition, and before the second month was ended, to my surprise, and that of my friends, I regarded myself fully restored, both mentally and physically, to as good a degree of health as I have enjoyed in twenty years, and for the same I express my heartfelt thanks to Dr. Dobson, the magnetic healer, of Maquoketa, Iowa, to whom I am indebted as the restorer of my health.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL MAFFETT.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

Parson—"Now, my little girl, can you tell me what beautiful verse you have learned to speak at the Sunday-school concert." Little Elsie (who is undergoing a course of spring medicine, reciting)—"And Jesus said, Sulphur is good for little children."—*Lowell Citizen.*

No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for, after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—*Cicero.*

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

weeks, will prepare you while on the voyage, for all you have to undertake when you reach your homes; you will continue to see a great deal of each other, and the fruits of your visit here will be apparent immediately you reach home."

The letters, when opened, were to the following effect: Mrs. Toole wrote to her son saying the parish was in great need of him, especially as the Rev. V. Mewle was making most unwarrantable attempts to annex the congregation of the Saddlerock church to his own, by dictating to them as to what pastor they should elect in the event of Mr. Toole's not returning. (Mr. Mewle said privately, Mr. Toole never would return, as he was "shoveling in more shekels elsewhere"), Mr. Mewle continued to vociferate against every liberal idea, and used his utmost, as far as it could possibly be made to extend, to keep back progress in every shape in the community. This *honorable* and *reverend* gentleman had a nephew freshly graduated from Yale, whom he desired to see in Mr. Toole's place, and three-fourths of whose salary he wished to claim on the plea of influence and continued maintenance.

Mr. Mewle was one of the elect, who could not err; perfectly sanctified, a conductor of ho'iness meetings, and an advocate of the hideous heresy that those who had once discovered that they were God's chosen people in an especial sense, could not do a wrong, however they might in appearance violate every just law of earth as well as heaven. Alas, for the ridiculousness of self-conceit at any time! but deeper woe to those whose spiritual pride and arrogant self-importance leads them to mistake their own insuperable vanity for complete evidence of the Almighty's special interest in their small, mean selves. Mrs. Toole wrote with a heart full of gratitude, and a mind clearly awake to the benefits her son had undoubtedly received from his sojourn with such truly enlightened friends, first in New York and then in Paris; she was very reluctant to tear him away from such good company, but trusted she might have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Finchley and Dr. Maxwell to her humble but pleasant home amid the green hills of Vermont. Though not exactly glad to take a second place in her son's attentions in future, she was prepared to welcome his bride with motherly affection, and would vow faithfully never to be the bone of contention in a family a meddling mother-in-law often is; she was sure Lydia and herself would be the best of friends, and trusted Lydia's mother would reciprocate the feeling she was desirous of extending to the kind-hearted Irish woman, whom she had seen only once, and then for not over five minutes, amid the hurry of train departure at a junction between Saddlerock and New York. The letter ended with an outline of her own experiences, which were intensely interesting and peculiarly gratifying to her son and daughter-in-law-elect.

Mrs. Finchley's letter contained no very striking news, but an urgent appeal to her and her nephew to return to New York as soon as possible, as the gentleman left in charge of the house and business had been suddenly summoned back to his parents in Germany, who were in great need of his presence and assistance; he would not leave till Dr. Maxwell returned and relieved him of all obligations; as he was a firm believer in Mrs. Finchley's clairvoyant gift, he begged that lady to advise him what to do, and telegraph a response if there was anything urgent to communicate. Dr. Maxwell at once assented to the idea that their mission of experience in Europe was accomplished for the present; they had seen wonders transcending those of fairy lore, and could take the words of the *Nunc Dimittis* appropriately upon their lips as they wended their homeward way.

Mr. Toole had most peculiar reasons for gladness and thankfulness; he had emerged completely from under the old shadow which had hung over his life and threatened to entomb him in its embrace; he had secured as his affianced wife, a girl who was hourly developing into his ideal of womanhood, and for whom he entertained no rapturous, fleeting passion, but a deep, earnest love, which with every new day grew holier and more intense. Mrs. Kittenscomb, accompanied by Alicia, was to join the returning party, as the lovely child had seen in her visions an outline of the work she was to fulfill in coming years, and her mother was wishful to escape from the scenes too closely connected with the buried form of her beloved husband, and the influence of relatives who had never understood her.

Professor de Montmarte and Heloise heartily concurred in the arrangement, and wishing all God-speed in their new departure, made unusual efforts to make the closing days of their friends' stay in Paris exceptionally agreeable. Having consummated the special purpose for which they had been brought to "The Palms," there was now nothing to be done but enjoy the beautiful summer scenery and the delights of unalloyed and ever-strengthening friendship. Their last Saturday and Sunday in the gay French metropolis were days ever to be remembered as incidents in their career, veritable opening of the door of heaven. The opera never seemed so entrancing as on that last evening at the *Comique*, when Arabella Von der Stael took the Parisians by storm in her superb impersonation of *Clarice* in "*Le Singe de Mon Cœur*," the latest and most amusing creation of the ever enjoyable Oufendebar.

Monday morning at eleven o'clock, in the American Chapel, the Rev. Clovis Herron of Chicago, made Onesimus Toole and Lydia O'Shannington man and wife; after the formal ceremony, which was witnessed by only twelve people in the chapel; the party returned to "The Palms," and there participated in nuptial exercises pertaining to higher spheres of perception than the average mind can grasp. These exercises will be noticed in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Re-incarnation.

BY MRS. L. P. J. HERRING.

There seems to be a diversity of opinions, and misunderstanding of this subject among great and noble minds of to-day, upon which they allow their differences to stand in the way of their own advancement both spiritually and mentally. As yet the whole subject is speculative—intuitive maybe—and like other great subjects of thought and feeling undemonstrable as yet, but which in the future shall be made plain, and capable of proof. Here is the simple explanation of the subject matter, put in simple language as may be, to so large a subject, and is all-sufficient to base the theory upon, without going the length and breadth of demonstrable proof, which is not needed in the present day to make any life better or happier.

Taking the grand truth of the omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience of God (or Good) as a truth, we find this presence everywhere, in everything to a greater or less degree; that is to say, in some this presence is more concentrated, of more and fuller growth and power, as in those whose lives and thoughts lead them into more god-like desires and actions. Take for example, the low down inhabitants of our city slums, those scavengers of humanity, who live upon the vice and weakness, ignorance and passions of mankind. The God in them is a mere spark lying dormant, awaiting a vitalizing energy to arouse it to action and growth. Who can say how many lives have passed on, with the spirit in a dormant growth? Born, educated, reared and living long lives of infamy and crime, what condition does the spirit find itself in the next world?

Take another example of the embryo spirit dying before awakening in this world even. Who dares say there is no life to the spirit, even though they never drew a breath? To such, progression in the next world must necessarily be slow. This life, with its trials and lessons, is a school for educating and preparing the soul for its next sphere of action and progression, otherwise we would not have been here. It is for our own good and glory, not God's, that we are placed here, to develop the best or worst of us, as opportunities and circumstances permit. Knowing the economy of nature, nothing is lost; all is eventually made perfect by growth and time. What is to prevent the most scientific theorist from a belief that when soul growth is retarded in any way from its rightful growth by ignorance, vice, or arrested earth life experiences, or, in other words, when the spirit has no identity, as we may say, why may it not return to the God principle, from whence it emanates, and again going forth be re-incarnated into better conditions, and thus become individualized anew?

LOS GATOS.

The Dreams of a Hasheesh Smoker.

Science describes the experiences of a gentleman who placed himself under the influence of a hasheesh. He smoked it until he felt a profound sense of a well-being, and then put the pipe aside. After a few minutes he seemed to become two persons; he was conscious of his real self reclining on a lounge, and of why he was there; his double was in a vast building of gold and marble, splendidly brilliant and beautiful beyond all description. He felt an extreme gratification, and believed himself in heaven. This double personality suddenly vanished, but reappeared in a few minutes. His real self was undergoing rhythmical spasms throughout his body, the double was a marvelous instrument, producing sounds of exquisite sweetness and perfect rhythm. Then sleep ensued, and all ended.

Upon another occasion sleep and waking came and went so rapidly that they seemed to be confused. His double seemed to be the sea, bright and tossing as the wind blew, then a continent. Again he smoked a double dose, and sat at his table, pencil in hand, to record the effects. He lost all conception of time. He rose to open a door, and it seemed to take a million years. He went to pacify an angry dog, and endless ages seemed to have passed when he returned. Conceptions of space retained their normal character. He felt an unusual fullness of mental impressions—enough to fill volumes. He understood clairvoyance, hypnotism, and all else. He was not one man or two, but several men living at the same time in different places with different occupations. He could not write one word without hurrying to the next, his thoughts flowing with enormous rapidity. The few words he did write meant nothing.

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS—THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

By "M. A. (Oxon.")

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct seances, and what to expect.

There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded. The bulk of Spiritualists have gained conviction thus.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament and preferably of the female sex, the rest of a more positive type.

Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, and in comfortable and unconstrained positions, around an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbor, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestation. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Skepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential, and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such a trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. Guess at the reason of your failure, eliminate the inharmonious elements, and introduce others. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful seance.

The first indications of success usually are a cold breeze passing over the hands, with involuntary twitchings of the hands and arms of some of the sitters, and a sensation of throbbing in the table. These indications, at first so slight as to cause doubt as to their reality, will usually develop with more or less rapidity.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held *over*, but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages. When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for "no," three for "yes," and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this, if there be a real desire on the part of the Intelligence to speak with you. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means; if the attempt to communicate deserves your attention, it probably has something to say to you, and will resent being hampered by useless interference. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, or by means of form manifestations, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer. Increased light will check noisy manifestations.

Lastly, try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before death is the best and wisest preparation.

PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES OF THE OUTLYING FIELDS

—OF—

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

A work with the above title has just been published by HUDSON TUTTLE, an author and original thinker, whose previous works have been important contributions in certain fields of science.

The author sets out to put on a more scientific and rational basis the proofs of the doctrine of Immortality. He recognizes the fact that we live in an age of growing skepticism; that evidence which was once sufficient is no longer so, and that in the minds of a very large class of earnest and intelligent persons, faith in the future state of existence has a very slender hold. In his opinion it is the right and duty of this generation to place this doctrine on an enduring basis—a basis as solid as the Copernican system of astronomy. This, however, is not to be done by old methods, but new and modern ones suited to modern thought. The author believes there is a large class of facts which have a direct bearing on the subject and he brings these into his discussion in a masterly manner. In many ways Mr. Tuttle is well fitted to this work, having given over a third of a century to its study and investigation.

The subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution; Scientific Methods in the Study of Man and its Results; What is the Sensitive State? Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness Proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness Induced by Disease; Thought Transference; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Beyond Superior to the Actor; Effect of Psychical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscions Sensitiveness; Prayer in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transferrence; Immortality—what the Future Life must be, Granting the Preceding Facts and Conclusions; Mind Cure, Christian Science, Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations to which have been added nearly fifty pages of personal experience and intelligence from the sphere of light. These chapters abound in beauty and interest.

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Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London.—"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Dr. Robert Chambers.—"I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—[Extract from a letter to A. Russel Wallace.

Professor Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months" (this was written in 1858), "had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question."

Professor Challis, the Late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts of human testimony must be given up."—[Clerical Journal, June, 1862.

Professors Tornebom and Edland, the Swedish Physicists.—"Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages."—[Aftonblad (Stockholm), October 30, 1879.

Professor Gregory, F. R. S. E.—"The essential question is this: What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I can not say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory.

Lord Brougham.—"There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of skepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism."—[Preface by Lord Brougham, in "The Book of Nature." By C. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.

The London Dialectical Committee reported—"(1) That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. (2) That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. (3) That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications."

Cromwell F. Varley, F. R. S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception." . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: "Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (*a*) of forces unknown to science; (*b*) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (*c*) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence."

Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer and Member of the Academie Francaise.—"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man, who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic,' 'somnambulic,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by preconceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Alfred Russel Wallace, F. G. S.—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do *not* require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disapprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer."—[Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.

Dr. Lockhart Robertson.—"The writer (i. e., Dr. L. Robertson), can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he can not doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.—[From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the "Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism," p. 24.

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—"One thing is clear—that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions."

Five Reasons for Getting Married.—Goethe said he got married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married his servant girl to spite his relatives.

There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a 4-post bedstead.

A man got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale and wanted a wife to give it to.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her hsuband that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

We cannot fight and struggle enough for freedom of inquiry.—*George Eliot.*

"Miracles."

Editor of Golden Gate:

From my present standpoint of observation, Theodore Wright, in the *Esoteric* of July, 1889, has beautifully illustrated, in his remarks under the head of "Miracles Impossible," the cause of spiritual blindness that has fallen as a dark cloud over the minds of the masses that have accepted the orthodox plan of salvation. Surely, the scriptural saying is verified by Friend Wright's remark that no man knoweth Christ, except by revelation, The orthodox churches have only known him after the flesh; or, in other words. only known the power of God, or good, as it manifests itself on the material plane of human nature, but not on the spiritual plane of human nature. They remain on the material plane, looking for the Christ, or power of good, to come down from a located heaven as a personal King, and establish his kingdom on earth as a recognized kingdom—recognized by their material senses—not realizing that Christ and his kingdom lay entombed in their own undeveloped spiritual natures; hence, the saying is needful to become verified on earth that the brotherhood and sisterhood may be established on earth—that they that would be greatest among Christ's followers, let them be servants; for what mission can be greater than that of a ministering angel, or spirit. And, are not the bright angels doing all they can to remove the dark clouds of ignorance that have been woven in the material looms on earth? And, if we have the spirit of Christ, which is the power of God, or good, developed within us, we should have no respect to no particular person; but, with a willing hand as it were, hand the bread of life to all—with a gentle hand, as each one is able to digest the crumbs coming from the Master's table—

"May we all scatter crumbs to the hungering poor,
That our love to our neighbor may increase and endure!"

A. C. Doane.

Santa Ynez, Cal., July 9, 1889.

To some people the art of waiting is much harder to learn than the art of laboring. It is easier to do and to see the immediate results of our doing than to be patient and wait for results whose manifestations must be long postponed. The youthful husbandman would like to dig up the seed, just to see if they have begun to sprout. The mature husbandman in other fields of life is sometimes too anxinus to plant before he has ploughed, too eager to harvest before the crop is rully ripe. In all moral and social reform, patience is an important element. We must not only learn to labor, but to wait. The mills of God grind slowly. We cannot hasten them by changing belt or gearing. It is well to remember that they grind exceedingly sure.

In a man's evolvement from lower to higher, he passes from the instinctive or unconscious plane of existence to the reasoning or conscious stage. As he advances in this reasoning or conscious stage he begins to learn something of the law that governs all being; the law of Growth, which is the law of Life; and this law is God or Good in manifestation.

The mind that is open for conviction, and determined to pursue truth wherever she may guide, will derive lessons, even from its own mistakes, which may prove salutary to itself and to the world. Oh! how grand is that character that can rise superior to selfishness and cling to the glory of immutable truth!

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

Council G. G. of the T. S.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES IN MASONIC LODGE Room, B. B. Hall, 121 Eddy street, Sunday evening. Lecture and tests by H. W. Abbott and James McCann. Admission, 10 cents.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIAtion of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 106 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M. 1m'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

BY ABBIE A. GOULD.

Was that a flash from a falling star,
Darting its rays, from world afar,
That came athwart my path, like a charm,
Tinting dark clouds, with its silver-like beam?
This I asked of the dark blue sky,
I listened, but caught no sweet reply.

Was that a flower so pearly and white,
That nodded its head, and seemed so bright,
Caring naught that the winds may blow,
Welcoming each, the sun, and snow?
No voice replied from out the earth,
That gave the tender vision birth.

Was that a bird, whose joyous note,
In liquid melody seemed to float,
And rise and fall, with an accent rare,
As though 'twere born of upper air?
Thus I questioned the greenwood tree,
Where its resting place seemed to be.

Was that a hand that passed o'er my face,
Resting on each of my cheeks, with shy grace,
Seeming so anxious to play Bo-peep,
With eyes, that wanted to sink to sleep?
If nearer me there is one can tell,
Prove the witchery of this spell.

Then methought, the skies grew bright,
Earth was folded up from sight.
Gone were duties, friends, and home,
Cares of earth. were quickly flown,
Far beyond the sunset rim
I floated on in ether dim.

I heard a voice, with a sound like pearl,
That came from the lips of a tiny girl,
Around her head, was the light from the star
She trilled the bird-note, I heard from afar,
Then upholding to me, the white flower,
She answered, "Papa, I was the power,
That came into thy vision sweet
Mamma will make the ring complete.

"We are teaching you daily by prayer,
That you may find the golden stair,
Hidden so deep amidst life's flowers,
Yet leads direc to sylvan bowers,
Where the pure, who are ever blest,
Enjoy each day, the soul's true rest.

"Then watch for the star, enjoy the bird,
Live like the flower, and let no word,
Of envy or wrong, come into thy life,
Feel for the touch of thy child and wife,
And know in the home 'beyond the river,'
We'er one in God, forever and ever."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

THE POET.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

[Lines suggested by hearing Edgar A. Poe severely criticised.]

Who shall judge the poet's mind
  Or the tho'ts that float therein?
Who shall deem each impulse wrong
  Weighing this or that as sin?

Who can read the poet's soul,
  Who holds the line to sound it?
Hidden lies its golden key—
  Hath he himself e'er found it?

Knows he whence the burning spring
  Welling with resistless flow?
How his inmost spirit drinks
  All its deep and fervid glow?

Then let colder hearts be still—
  Hearts that ne'er to faults succumb—
Souls that know not passions beat—
  Lips to fiery words e'er dumb,

Who shall sound the poet's soul?
  He who gave the gift divine,
Bending down in tender love,
  Softly whispers; "Thou art mine.

"Thee I send on earth to dwell
  'Mid the grasping and the cold,
Thine to change its sordid dross
  Back to pure and shining gold.

"Thine to cast a gleaming thread
  'Mid the weaver's somber warp—
Thine to place a silver string
  Within the bent and brok'n harp.

"Thine to make the pewter cup
  Like to burnished silver shine—
Change the water and the crust
  Into fine white bread and wine.

"Thine to make the lowly cot
  Expand into a palace rare—
Thine to weave the darkest thought
  Into forms divinely fair.

"Thine to speak in silvery tones
  Sweeter than the chime of bell—
Soothe the worn and wounded heart
  With the magic of thy spell."

Then let the poet's heart be still
  Nor with his weary lot repine—
For tho' he drink life's bitter cup
  He pours for others rich red wine.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wild world through,
I'd fly on the wings of the morning light,
I'd speak to men with a gentle might,
I'd tell them to be true.
I would fly! I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart may be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
That I could travel with the air,
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And kind and truthful words I d speak,
To save men from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
I would drop like a beautiful sunbeam down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
I'd teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
That could travel with the wind,
Wherever I saw the nations torn,
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind;
I would fly! I would fly on the thunder's crash,
And into their darkened bosoms flash,
And all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words
  And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
  As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
  Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
  Or if sweet we can make it sweeter.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Summerland.

BY GABRIELLE DE RUYTER.

My physician, Doctor Periwinkle, says the billiary duct is engorged, and it is a chronic complication of liver, spleen and pancreas. I do not know what it may be, but I have been growling all day, and would like to pinch somebody. Why, Monsieur Owen, do you not call that village "Shanghai," or "Hardscrabble," or "Bulger," or "Buzzard's Cove"? The "sperrits" who have passed through Tophet and across the "shining river" want Summerland, Beulah, Lily Dale, Sunny Peaks and Angel's Backbone reserved for their own use.

What's the matter with the ocean, the climate, the average annual temperature and rainfall at Santa Barbara and vicinity? Why was not Sitka, or some other place in Alaska, preferred?

It is true that neither the Pyramids, nor Rome, nor London, nor St. Petersburg, nor New York, nor Chicago, nor Salt Lake, nor San Francisco, have become adults in a day; but, as Summerland is a Spiritualist colony, it appears to your humble correspondent that its counterfeit presentment in either—something like a mirage off the coast of Italy—should have been first designed and constructed complete in all of its surroundings, details, proportions, requirements, and adornments, on the spirit side, by competent architects; and then instantaneously and permanently materialized upon the shore of the deep heaving sea like a piece of French lace, or a lock of bald eagle's hair, at an average of one dollar apeice a seance. However, as it is, the real estate, and a few stalks of golden-crowned mustard yearning for sympathy, are there. The title to the land and the deeds to the lots are without flaw. Thirty dollars a lot, 25 x 60 feet, cannot be a very huge swindle. Many of my Christian, and, I am sorry to say, some of my Spiritualist, gentleman friends expend more than that in six months for beer and tobacco, which, of course, is their own affair. The eye sees only what the mind imparts or dictates to it the power to see. Opinions, beliefs and tastes will always differ. One person revels in Los Angeles; another thinks it is simply "horrid—nothing but flies and bugs"—and that Santa Rosa is the only paradise in our State. I do not opine that either town is affected thereby as an irrevocable fraud.

It does not require any extraordinary penetrative sagacity to discern that Spiritualist colonies anywhere—and especially on the Pacific Coast—if established on sound, practical, common sense, business principles, cannot be otherwise than beneficial, both to individuals, to families, and to the New Dispensation at large; but, unlike Jonah's castor-oil plant, they will not grow up in a night. Projectors, mobilizers and pioneers are necessary. "Boom," "swindle," "self-interest," fault-finding and detraction are cheap. They cost and accomplish nothing. Either Josh Billings, or some one else, has said that "Any durned fool can criticise a book, but it takes brains to write one"; and this apothegm is equally applicable to all classes of enterprise and monuments of labor and love.

If veracious, level-headed and well-known representative Spiritualists, who have visited and personally inspected Summerland, are delighted with the rhythmic diapasons of old ocean's waves, and the gambols of the surf along the silvery strand; with the topography of the tract itself; with its southern outlook upon the sea; with its undulations and gentle upward slopes from the beach toward the foothills; with its protection, by mountains, against siroccos from the north; with the loamy character of its soil; with its exemption from the extremes of summer's heat and winter's cold; with its average annual rainfall; with the guaranty of a liberal perennial supply of pure and fresh water, by pipes, from mountain tarn or reservoir, for household purposes and irrigation; with a railroad "at the door, my friend"; and are impelled thereby to purchase lots and erect cottage homes (as a number have already done within the short time since the locality has been opened for residence, and as many others propose to do in the immediate future), it would seem that their testimony and action, as published from time to time above their own signatures, should be a decisive refutation of recent irresponsible flying slanders, and a reliable and satisfactory indorsement of the disinterested motives and good judgment of the originators of this noble scheme in behalf of Spiritualism, its disciples and mediums. Let the jealous guardianship of free thought and intellectual sovereignty, and the abhorrence of creeds, mental slavery, preachers and leaders, which have been so strenuously inculcated during the forty years' infancy of the cause, be retained; but pray, let us Spiritualists have just a little co-operative organization, both for self-protection, for proselytism, and for the exercise of every-day systematic benevolence. The wild pigeons, the crows, the blackbirds, the bees and the ants have it; the waiters, the bakers, the butchers and the brewers have it; and orthodoxy, whose multitudinous lofty spires pierce the blue in every city and town and on every hillside, has it.

Summerland will meet the needs and conceptions of many worthy souls who, to accelerate their spiritual growth, are desirous either of residing or of building homes among people of their own faith exclusively, as asylums from "the wide, wide world." It will provide a quiet, restful and invigorating temporary retreat for Spiritualists, their friends in general, and for exhausted mediums and other workers. Powerful cohorts of spirits are already directing thitherward magnetic lines, waves and propulsions which will pre-eminently adapt its habitations to the development of a high grade of mediumship. For these and other reasons, aside from its unsurpassed natural advantages of location, we predict deserved prosperity for the colony.

From the present outlook, it is only a question of time when to this protege of the angels will be applicable the parable of "The Son of Man," who was won't to seek surcease from the tribulations of his public ministry by retiring to the humble and congenial home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus at Bethany—namely, "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field, which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 15, 1889.

Miscellaneous Items.

The colored poor of the South speak of the "poor white trash." But Rev. Sam Small calls them the "lowdownest" people.

There are no laundries in Paris, the clothes being sent by train loads into the country and washed by the unaided hands of women.

The following inscription is found in an Italian graveyard:—"Here lies Estelle who transported a large fortune to Heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

When the newspapers containing the stories of the Johnstown flood were distributed in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, recently, the convicts insisted on contributing to the aid of the sufferers.

Baron Liebig, thegreat German chemist, says that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight quarts of the best and most nutrious beer that is made.

The widow of N. P. Willis, the poet, is living in Washington. She is a pleasant, attractive woman of sixty and is occasionally seen in society. Her son, Bailey Willis, is a member of the Corps of the Geological Survey.

Florence Nightingale is sixty-nine years of age and an invalid, but she has written a letter of sympathy for the Johnstown sufferers with her own hand. She seldom leaves her house nowadays, but she keeps up a lively interest in all that is going on, and she attends to an enormous correspondence from all parts of the world.

P. T. Barnum does not look like a man who has just entered upon the 80th year of his life. He is displaying the energy of other times in pushing along the preparations for shipping the great American circus and menagerie to London. Instead of retiring from business Mr. Barnum is ready to lay hold of every novelty that may be brought within his reach. A rare old showman is Barnum.

During the Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes he and Mrs. Hayes were visiting the family of A. D. Shepard at Scotch Plains, N. J. Greatly to the delight of parents and pupils Mrs. Hayes was persuaded to visit the public school. When the time came, for some reason of discipline one of the lads was debarred from attending. Mrs. Hayes heard of this, and with the kindly spirit for which she was noted, intimated that if it would not interfere too seriously with the discipline of the school she would prefer as a personal favo to have the little fellow present, and her wish was complied with.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Not long after the war a circus came to Montgomery. It was the first circus that had been there in a long time, and attracted an immense crowd, especially of the negroes. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the balloon ascension. The negroes had never seen anything of that kind, and regarded the spectacle of a man sailing up into the clouds very much as they would have looked upon Elijah going up in his chariot of fire.

The balloon sailed away eight or ten miles, and came down in a field where some negroes were plowing. Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from heaven, they verily believed that the last great day had come, and, remembering all their shortcomings, fled away in terror of the approach of the awful judge.

One gray-headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plow, but could not run, and the chariot came down upon him with terrible swiftness. In that awful moment his whole life loomed up, he thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master, he quickly decided to greet the Lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to untangle himself from the meshes about his car the old darky, with an air of profound obeisance, removed the wool hat from his shiny pate, bowed low and said with pious unction:

"Mornin', Mars. Jesus; how you lef' your pa?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*